

The TATLER

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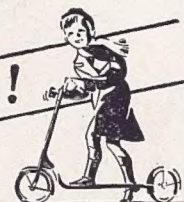
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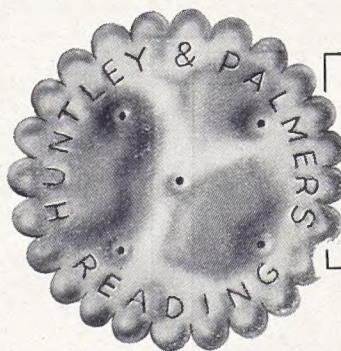
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THE TATLER

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Houston Rogers

TO CHEER US UP—A NEW FARCE COMES TO TOWN

Vernon Sylvaine's new farce, *Women Aren't Angels*, has been played at Brighton, Streatham Hill and Golders Green and now reaches the Strand Theatre, opening on the 18th, which has been awaiting this piece, and has been used meanwhile as the Official Social Centre for the Australian Forces in London. Alfred Bandle (Alfred Drayton) and Wilmer Popday (Robertson Hare) are business partners evacuated to the country, the former wishing to avoid, amongst others, Frankie (Judy Kelly), but she follows him there and stages a motor accident outside the cottage. The play is produced by Richard Bird who is now acting in *Once A Crook* at the Streatham Hill Theatre

More pictures on page 83



Mr. Lloyd George and the Cabinet

CONSIDERABLE pressure was brought to bear on Mr. Lloyd George last week with a view to securing his inclusion in the Cabinet. Several times in recent weeks Mr. Churchill has sought to reinforce his team in this way, but Mr. Lloyd George showed himself reluctant to agree, arguing that he was not prepared to take office on sufferance of Mr. Chamberlain, who hitherto had set his face against serving with the old Premier of the First Great War. It appears that Mr. Chamberlain's objections were finally withdrawn, but even then Mr. Lloyd George was doubtful whether the arrangement would work out satisfactorily. He was said to feel

THE WAY OF THE WAR

By "FORE-SIGHT"

that Mr. Churchill's autocratic personality, if opposed to his own strong convictions, might lead to conflict, argument and useless dissipation of energy.

and Lord Halifax. Neither of the Labour Ministers can be described as representative of the trade union movement. Indeed, Mr. Attlee would never have sprung to his present prominence but for the electoral casualties which the Socialist Party suffered five years ago. So far as the Parliamentary group is concerned Mr. Greenwood had stronger claims. But he cannot compete with men like Mr. Ernest Bevin when it comes to considering personal support from the unions.



AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING

The rain poured down on H.M. The King when he inspected the New Zealand troops who are under canvas somewhere in England, on July 6. He was received by Major-General D. G. Johnson, V.C. (G.O.C. Southern England), Mr. William Joseph Jordan, High Commissioner for New Zealand since 1936, and Major-General Bernard Cyril Freyberg, V.C., who are seen here awaiting his arrival. They accompanied the King on a tour which lasted for several hours. They watched Maoris carrying out arms drill; gunners at rifle loading practice and infantrymen at bayonet fighting exercises



Pearl Freeman

THE DAME OF SARK

Mrs. Robert Hathaway had the courage to stay on her tiny island of Sark, over which her authority is absolute, as she felt unable to leave her people to face the Nazi occupation of the Channel Islands alone. She is now quite cut off from England, and has her married daughter and grandchild with her. It is believed that her husband is also still on Sark. He is the son of Mrs. Charles Hathaway of New York. He graduated at Yale University, served in the Flying Corps in the last war, and later became a naturalized Briton

Many forces were called into play with the object of inducing Mr. Lloyd George, to see things in a different light. A prominent part was played by Lord Beaverbrook, who, of all members of the Government, remains the most intimate confidant of the Prime Minister. Among others, Mr. J. L. Garvin, the forceful veteran editor of the *Observer*, also brought his influence to bear at Churt. All these intermediaries were concerned to persuade the ex-Premier that the country needed his services; that he must not refuse the invitation when it came.

Trade Union Support

Mr. Churchill's reasons for wishing to strengthen his War Cabinet may be various. On the one hand he is conscious of the great burdens which now fall upon him personally in directing the entire national war effort. At present his immediate circle of counsellors are confined to Mr. Attlee and Mr. Greenwood—Labour's Front Bench leaders after the 1935 General Election debacle—Mr. Neville Chamberlain



WIFE OF BRITISH NAVAL HERO

Mrs. R. H. Bristowe, with her bob-tailed sheepdog, Sue, was at her home in Sussex, Shepherd's Corner, Forest Row, when she heard the wonderful news of her husband's brilliant exploit in disabling the French battleship, *Richelieu*. Her husband, Lieutenant-Commander Bobby Bristowe, was a stockbroker until just before the declaration of war, having left the Navy five years previously as a lieutenant. Few more gallant or audacious feats have ever been achieved in the whole history of warfare afloat or ashore



SAFE IN CANADA: PRINCESS JULIANA AND HER CHILDREN

By the light of subsequent disclosures it was a mercy of Providence that the Royal family of the Netherlands escaped only just in time to avert the fate which the ruler of Germany had openly avowed he had in store for them. The Crown Princess and her children went to Canada and the above happy group was taken at the Seigneur Club in Monteville, Quebec. The younger child, the Princess Irene, was born in August, 1939, the Princess Beatrix in January, 1938. Prince Bernard, the Consort of the Crown Princess, is now serving with the Dutch forces based in England

The Way of the War—(Cont. from p. 74)

Supply and the Ministry of Labour and National Service, filled respectively by Mr. Herbert Morrison and Mr. Ernest Bevin. As Minister of Economic Warfare, Mr. Hugh Dalton also became important politically.

so far as possible the old balance of domestic forces in this country. He did not seek the Premiership; it was thrust upon him. Mr. Chamberlain is the Conservative leader. Mr. Churchill will do nothing to weaken Conservatism. In addition he values the staunch and wise advice he gets from Mr.

actions whereby our enemies have been denied the early use of France's fine battle-ships against our own fleet. Had those nine capital ships been allowed to pass into the hands of Germany and Italy, a very serious situation would have been created. The balance of naval power would have been violently changed to our disadvantage and our ability to continue prosecution of the war inside the Mediterranean would have been seriously challenged.

In procuring a peaceful arrangement at Alexandria the British Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, was fortunately on the best of terms with the French local commander, Admiral Godfroy. But the final agreement for immobilizing the French vessels could not have been reached without the aid of the French Ambassador in Cairo, M. Pozzi, who seems to have counselled the wisdom of permitting the British naval authorities, rather than those of France's enemies, to supervise the measures of demilitarization proposed.

Portugal and Spain

The appointment of Sir Noel Charles as Ambassador to Lisbon brings to mind the importance of the good relations which still exist between Britain and her oldest ally, Portugal. Recent visitors to that country declare that its sympathies are ninety per cent pro-British, although its forces—thanks largely to British neglect in the past—are not equipped in any wise to offer strong resistance to invading German armies. A splendid reception was given to the Duke of Kent who, despite the hazards of the voyage, kept a long-standing engagement to visit Lisbon for Centenary Celebrations.

Like Belgium, Portugal has great stakes in the African Empire, both in the large territories of Angola and in Portuguese East Africa. President Carmona not so long ago paid an extensive visit to Africa. Co-ordination of African interests with Britain has been rendered more imperative by the disaffection of France from the Allied cause. So far as the attitude of Spain has been concerned, M. Salazar, the Portuguese dictator, has undoubtedly remained the most powerful single influence over General Franco. Unfortunately Spain's rôle in the world war seems increasingly unlikely to be determined by General Franco's wishes.

As the new ambassador on special mission to Madrid, Sir Samuel Hoare has been working hard in the interests of preserving Spanish neutrality. Last week Sir Samuel was urging strongly that he should be allowed to return to London "to report." He had indeed hoped to retain in Madrid for a time the special aeroplane in which he and his wife proceeded to Spain on taking up their post in case the necessity "to consult" should arise at short notice. In this latter respect it was not felt possible to meet Sir Samuel's wishes.

As a matter of fact these politicians of the former regime would not at present be of great value to the cause. All are more or less discredited and M. Mandel, the strongest of the group is handicapped by the circumstances of his Jewish blood. M. Pierre Cot is anathema to those French officers who will continue the struggle on the side of Britain. M. Herriot, by failing to leave for North Africa when he might have done so, waited too late in the hope that Marshal Pétain's Government would fall when the armistice terms became known.

(Continued on page 106)



THE DUCHESS OF KENT AT THE W.R.N.S. CENTRE AT HARRODS

H.R.H. is seen talking to Miss Goodenough, Deputy Director of the W.R.N.S. section of this fine centre of information connected with many of the women's war services. The Duchess of Kent, who is doing other most zealous war work at Iver, was visiting the Women's Power Exhibition when the above picture was taken

Mr. Bevin and Mr. Morrison, as virtual dictators of industry, reinforced by Mr. A. V. Alexander as First Lord of the Admiralty and thus of naval construction, have now got the bit between their teeth. Already it is being said that the Parliament elected in 1935—387 Conservatives supported by 41 National Liberals and Labour against 154 Socialist backed by 17 Independent Liberals and 13 of other groups—no longer represents popular opinion; that a General Election today would completely reverse this position. On that assumption Labour—i.e., the trades unions—is using its new war powers to a double end. First is to prosecute and to win the war; second is to prepare the way in war for the new national order which Labour would institute in peace if it were in office with power.

Preserving the Balance

I fancy that Mr. Churchill is keenly alive to this situation. He is also aware that Labour is seizing on the popular discontent against Mr. Chamberlain and some of his colleagues from the late Government, on the score of our present plight, to demand elimination of Mr. Chamberlain from the Government.

Mr. Churchill has come to believe profoundly in the need for preserving



THE MARCHIONESS OF CHOLMONDELEY

Lady Cholmondeley is a chief officer in the W.R.N.S., and the snapshot was taken on the day of the Duchess of Kent's visit to the centre at Harrods, referred to in the note under the picture on left

Chamberlain. But he wants more of the talents in his team and he wants reinforcement from a non-Conservative quarter against the more exigent demands of Labour. Hence the appeal to Mr. Lloyd George, Parliament's senior stormy petrel.

The French Fleet

It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the various British naval



OUR FIGHTING MINISTER OF LABOUR

Mr. Ernest Bevin making his now famous fighting speech at the luncheon of the National Defence Public Interest Committee, last week. Sitting beside Mr. Bevin is Colonel Lord Nathan, the chairman

THE RED CROSS SALE AT CHRISTIE'S

The results achieved in even a couple of days augured most happily for what may be achieved by the time the sale is over. If nearly £30,000 can accrue in two days what may not fourteen days bring forth? Mr. Terence McKenna on the rostrum on one of the earlier days of the great sale



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE AUCTION AT CHRISTIE'S



SIR COURTAULD THOMSON AND LADY WILLINGDON

The chairman of the sale and the wife of a former distinguished Viceroy of India have both worked most heroically to make the sale a success



LADY ZIA WERNHER

Coming away after the private view. In peace time a Master of hounds, in time of war a zealous worker



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF LYTTON

Two more distinguished supporters of this most amazing sale in aid of the Lord Mayor's Red Cross Fund



(ON LEFT) THE HON. PAMELA BERRY AND THE HON. MRS. EDWARD ILIFFE

Lord Kemsley's daughter and Lord and Lady Iliffe's daughter-in-law, the former Mlle Renée Merandon du Plessis, were two more caught by camera fire on private view day

(RIGHT) LADY LATTA AND MRS. MAYHEW

And yet two more patriotic people who have helped to make the great sale a booming success. Lady Latta is the wife of Sir John Latta, who is a great figure in the shipping world



OUR STRENGTH AND OUR WEAK SPOT

By LT.-COL. C. B. COSTIN-NIAN, M.C.

THE complexion of the Mediterranean has brightened, at the moment of writing. Our distasteful but necessary affair with the French fleet, and our announcement regarding Syria, have both helped to clear up a situation which, for two long weeks, seemed menacing. The hard but gallant action by the Royal Navy still continues. Our expressed determination to deny Syria to the Axis Powers has galvanized not only Turkey and the Arab world, but we hope many Frenchmen in Syria as well. Our barometer had been falling dangerously low as the world stood aghast at the sudden incredible course of events. Everything seemed to be crumbling away, and only our recent drastic action could have arrested the rot. The Atlantic is ours, and the focus of action might yet shift to the Mediterranean where many predict the war may be decided. We must control both seas equally keenly, especially Gibraltar itself.

Rather much is heard these days of our concrete island "standing alone, the last bulwark." In the stark reality of our danger, we often overlook the fact that we still have numerous allies, even allied forces, that we have the moral alliance of the vast majority of individuals throughout the world. Much of this force is at present latent, for the boggy Fear still paralyses their action.

From America we no longer hear "This is Europe's fight, let Europe settle it"—we hear instead that we are recognized officially as "America's own first line of defence."

We hear that we are to be treated as such, short of American fighting forces. It is claimed in America that what she could put into the field this year would be a mere pittance in the holocaust of Europe. But we, for our part, know that American ships and planes, quite apart from the immense moral value of her entry into the war, might turn the scales, as they would certainly attract to our cause further neutrals, including our kinsmen in South Ireland.

While the American Navy neutralizes the Japanese menace in the Pacific, the Monroe Doctrine covers Canada, Newfoundland and other British possessions on that side. But they do not shelter quietly under those comforting cloaks. Our people over there stand on their own feet. The Nazi Government's recent announcement that, in effect, they do not recognize the Monroe Doctrine (if America "interferes" in Europe) is all to the good. It has merely placed on record what was already understood, that the Western Hemisphere is considered by the Nazis as yet more living space.

Our vital trade routes to America are bound to receive much German attention. With this end in view, the Nazi tentacles may now be trying to spread towards Ireland, Iceland, Greenland and the North Scottish islands. It is possible that

the German plan of invasion for this island had counted upon the services of the French Fleet. Now that that has been frustrated, our sea command and control of the Atlantic is

hardly assailable at all, and so the German Western ambitions seem correspondingly less easy.

So vital, above all other tasks, is the rapid expansion of our air force that the flow of new machines across the Atlantic must be maintained at all costs—and these machines must be capable of being operated here quickly without damage from bombing at their incoming ports. The long range machines can be flown across, and there is the summer route via Labrador, Greenland and Iceland. It is known that we have troops in Iceland, which include Icelandic-speaking Canadians, and we now hear it advocated in America that the United States should not only make secure Greenland and Bermuda, but also the Azores.

Students of German psychology keep telling us that Germans as a race always do the obvious thing, but not at the obvious time; that is, not the thing which is obvious at the moment. At this stage, with our recent experiences, we have all given up believing in these generalizations. We only know we must be prepared for nothing less than anything at any time, from now onwards, and the less we talk of our possible plans the better.

We have reminded ourselves that we are not alone.

The grand efforts put up by all our Dominions continue to increase in momentum. All their fields of activity are expanding rapidly—man power, war industries, material, and foodstuffs. Their great countries have become powerful war machines.

Substantial armed forces reach England periodically or join our army in the Middle East. This is the more splendid in that none of these Dominions themselves can dispense with local self-defence.

Australia, New Zealand, and Western Canada have Japan to consider, with or without her German connexions. Even South Africa, Eastern Canada, and Newfoundland, find themselves on the fringe of the Nazi orbit. It is strange and significant that we do not, at first, think of mentioning Italy, although she holds the sea-weapon of the Axis partnership, and burns with strong hungers in the Mediterranean and Africa.

All our Dominions and Colonies recognize that the centre, our breast or our stomach, is the decisive point now to be shielded. Therefore, up to certain limits, they readily accept some chances in their own self-defence when they mass their forces at the decisive point so far from their native homes.

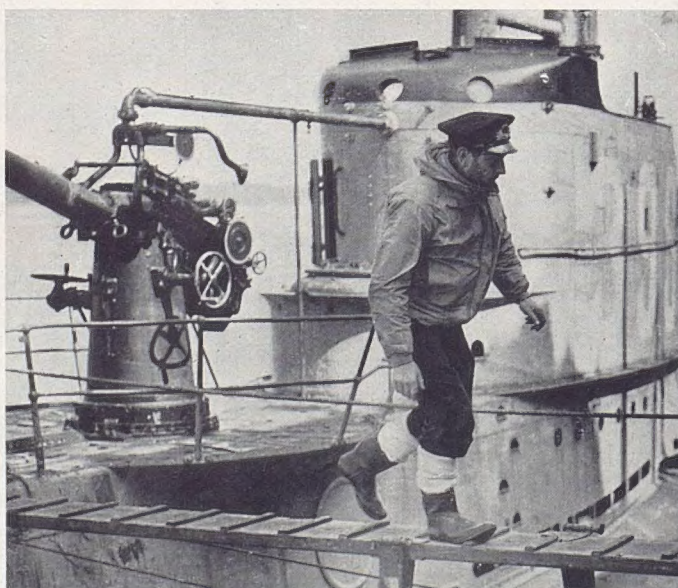
Besides these divisions from the Dominions, and their air squadrons and ships, we have other foster-armies amongst us, namely those forces of our Allies which are now organized in Britain. They are here to help us resurrect

(Continued on page 108)



H.M. THE KING AND THE YOUNGEST ORDNANCE WORKER

The little boy Fiske is only fifteen and His Majesty made a special point of talking to him when he paid a recent visit to a Royal Ordnance factory accompanied by Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Minister of Supply



LIEUTENANT W. D. A. KING, D.S.O.,
COMMANDER OF H.M.S. "SNAPPER"

This little submarine is thoroughly well-named for she topped her previous performances by a recent bag of five enemy ships in two convoys. This was all done off Norway, scene of Lieutenant King's exploits for which he got his D.S.O.

DESTROYER DIFFICULTIES



No. 7: FOULED ANCHORS — BY WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER

There is nothing fantastic about this, as all sailors know! What has happened may be explained like this. So often, when letting go your anchor on a bottom of which you are not quite certain, you may easily pick up a cable also. With two anchors out, wind and tide sometimes cause the ship to swing in a circle, and if the anchor-swivel jams, the anchor-chains get twisted. The painful incident depicted is of the port anchor fouling the mooring of a mooring-buoy, and the consequent anguish caused when getting the cables clear. The seagulls and the starfish seem to be the only things in a state of serene calm

THE CINEMA By JAMES AGATE

CHARLES LAMB or some such essayist once advocated allowing the street to air before one took one's morning walk. I hold the same with regard to picture palaces, always timing my arrival to coincide with a moment which occurs about ten minutes before the end of the first picture. This process almost invariably proves how right I was to miss the previous fifty minutes! The other day, in favour of a country cousin desirous of seeing the whole programme, I went to the New Gallery, where for the first hour I was bored to petrification by a film called *The Saint*. I do not think that I am particularly slow in the uptake. But I suppose that thirty minutes at least had elapsed before I realised that the eponymous saint was really two people—a murderous thug and a blameless hero, the two being so much alike in appearance that the sweetheart of one of them did not know which was which. This seemed to me to be a matter of small consequence: one boy is surely as good as another if the girl thinks so. What is more important is that the filmgoer should know whether he is gazing at thug or at hero.

There was once a famous play called *The Lyons Mail*, in which the late Sir Henry Irving doubled the parts of vicious highwayman and high-principled merchant. Now Irving took care to differentiate these characters so enormously that the playgoer wondered how anybody could be such a fool as to mistake one man for the other. In the film under review, Mr. George Saunders, playing both parts, makes no difference whatever between them. Perhaps Mr. Saunders is a Shakespearean student and has modelled his performance on King Duncan's "There's no art to tell the mind's construction in the face!" Perhaps not, but I suggest that even if in the film nobody can tell t'other from which, some means ought to be found of apprising the filmgoer. Otherwise the film becomes entirely unintelligible, and an hour which should have been given up to enjoyment is spent in stoking up resentment. So great was my exasperation at this film, at which at long last the audience in general began to giggle, that I had serious thoughts of going over to the Odeon to see Miss Shirley Temple in the film of Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird*. Indeed, I was only restrained from this desperate course by a vow made some years ago that I would never, under any circumstances, allow myself to sit through the antics of that Infant Phenomenon. The cause of this vow was a "throw-away" which I once saw announcing Miss Temple for the following week and exhibiting that child in the guise of the Duke of Wellington dancing a hornpipe on the field of Waterloo and wearing a bangle! I said No, and have kept this vow.

A NOBLE FILM OF THE NAVY

But the films are incalculable. And therein lies their charm. In the theatre, when once a play sets out to be dull, your horizon for the rest of that evening sets out to be dullness. Indifferent though you may be to a tragedy, you realise that for the rest of that evening nothing but that tragedy will or can be played at you. Even though in some farce the comic idea has petered out before the end of the first act, you know that no other sense of humour will be tapped. But, as I say, the films are different.

After *The Saint* came an exquisite little travel-picture of the roads in India, the only fault in this being that it was much too short. When it was all too soon over, we settled down to *Convoy*, which is a really grand film. The time, I suppose, has not yet come when those who make films can trust their audiences. Theatrical taste in this country is ordered by the women who form the bulk of all theatre audiences. And I see no reason for supposing that the same conditions do not prevail in the cinema. Whence we may imagine the following unspoken dialogue between a film producer and his prospective public:

PRODUCER: Do you want to see a big-scale documentary showing how the Navy foils a German pocket-battleship threatening the convoy under its charge?

CHORUS OF WOMEN: No!

PRODUCER: Do you want to see a film in which Mr. John Clements as a naval lieutenant joins a cruiser commanded by Mr. Clive Brook, with whose wife he has run off?

CHORUS OF WOMEN: Rath-er!

PRODUCER: Do you mind if the cruiser is engaged on convoy work?

At this, all the women shake their pretty heads, reflecting that if they get too bored they can always start making-up their faces against the black-out!

The high-spot of *Convoy* comes when the cruiser decides to attack the pocket-battleship. And here I found myself a little critical. We are told that the cruiser's guns are ineffective at more than fifteen thousand yards. Which means, of course, that she must withhold her fire until she gets within that range. Why, then, I found myself asking, does not the German pocket-battleship sink her? At this point I reflected, and had to remind myself that I am not a naval expert, whatever else I may be, and that my business on this occasion was to confine my remarks and observations to the purely dramatic quality of this stirring episode. This was unquestionably highly exciting.



JUDY CAMPBELL AND CLIVE BROOK
IN "CONVOY"

Our film critic deals very adequately with this stirring story, so that no more needs to be said than that Clive Brook plays Captain Armitage, and Judy Campbell his wife

Part of the film shows how one of the boats convoyed is captained by a stout Yorkshire skipper. He is played by Mr. Edward Chapman, and he decides that he can find his own way home independently of any convoy. But I don't believe this either! Anyhow, it enables Mr. Chapman, assisted by the mate, even better played by Mr. Edward Rigby, to ring a bell telling the cruiser through the fog that she is in contact with the *Deutschland*. The film is full of good performances. There is a particularly vivid young midshipman whom I could not identify. There is an excellent young seaman by Mr. John Carol, and clever Miss Judy Campbell has had the extraordinary tact to realise that the young woman, being a nuisance, and not wanted anyhow, should be kept as much in the background as possible. This is a commendably self-effacing performance. But there is not a single weak spot in the acting of this superb film, and it has been magnificently directed by Mr. Pen Tennyson.



SPENCER TRACY AND HEDY LAMARR IN "I TAKE
THIS WOMAN"

This new M.-G.-M. film, based on a story by Charles MacArthur, opening at the Regal on July 19, is all about a society high-light whose romance has come to grief, and who ultimately finds happiness with the doctor of what America calls a tenement clinic



ANN SHERIDAN IN "IT ALL CAME TRUE"

In this new Louis Bromfield film-story, which comes to the Warner Theatre on the 19th, that very glamorous young lady, Ann Sheridan, plays the part of a wayward wench who is an entertainer at a night-club and gets the sack for speaking out of her turn and comes home to her old mother (Una O'Connor), who is one of the two old servants who had been left a boarding-house by their wealthy mistress. The son of the other servant, Tommy Taylor (Jeffrey Lynn), has also gone out into the world full of good intentions, but with no luck. He also comes back, bringing with him a leading gangster (Humphrey Bogart), wanted for murder and some other things. The story is of how Ann Sheridan and Jeffrey Lynn fall in love and of how the gangster turns the moth-eaten old boarding-house into a roaring success as a night-club

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Bygone Gossip

I ALWAYS consider that unmoral people, if at the same time they be witty and intelligent, and especially if also they are kindly, bring with them their own forgiveness—if forgiveness for sins be ever really necessary on our part, who have a whole collection, though maybe of another variety, of our own. Probably, as one grows older, saints and sinners possess only an academic interest. We have grown to divide people into nice and nasty, and each may easily contain both the saint-like and the sinful—I mean, as conventional morality

either something for which the label was inadequate or just nothing essential at all! Religion, and its twin sister, conduct, are so completely plain that humanity has dressed them up with so much complication of dogma, ceremonial and tuppence-coloured virtue that it is like fixing your steadfast gaze on a fast-moving, super-decorated roundabout. No wonder the gangster element has appropriated life's façade, when the citadel of Right and Wrong was simply perforated by back-doors and everybody pushed in or out of them as their own individual case seemed to warrant.

I suppose, in the last sentence of all, it is character alone which sums up both the man and the belief he holds dear. And character is an element which belongs so essentially to the mind and so little to the body. Conscience is the sole guardian of the former, while fear or physical needs can direct the other. Trial alone is the supreme test, and as people avoid any sort of a trial, defending themselves behind all kinds of tin-pot justifications, so the curtain is up for all to see, for courage or for cowardice, for beauty or for meanness—the sum total of what men and women have made of themselves and of life. We have so long confused morals merely with sex that very few people can see the

difference. It is only rarely, even to-day, that good people shrug their shoulders over the news that two people are living in sin—which is their own affair—and ostracise the one who bilks a taxi-man or who passes on to a bus conductor a bad half-crown.

TO the poke-bonnet mind—and it still exists in large numbers—I dare say that "Hary-O." The Letters of Lady Harriet Cavendish, 1796-1809 (John Murray; 18s.), edited by Sir G. Leveson-Gower and Iris Palmer, is the picture of a den of vice in what was once high places. Well, if a somewhat elegant promiscuousness is your idea of a den, then the picture will be a true one. On the other hand, the only permanent edifice which emerges from this description of a brilliantly intellectual period is its brilliant intelligence—which, to my mind, puts the den side completely in the basement. The charming Pamela Fitzgerald, writing to a comparatively sedate friend, asks: "Does it strike you that vices are wonderfully prolific among the Whigs? Such a tribe of Children of the Mist." And that puts the den side of this unmoral but intelligent social and political circle in its ultimately proper place. What remains belongs to culture and so to civilisation. Ignoring the conventional morality of this circle which haunted Roehampton and Devonshire House over a hundred years ago, the outcome was important to general history as well as to the history of human intelligence. "Hary-O" was one of its most delightful members. She married the most handsome but most commonplace of them all, however. The first Lord Granville, it may be said, for the greater part only provided the bed interest. Before his marriage to Lady Harriet he had been her aunt, Lady Bessborough's lover. His wife's letters, mostly written from Paris after her marriage, are already well known and beloved.

THE present book, however, contains letters even more charming and interesting—those she wrote before her marriage; especially those she wrote to her dear sister, Lady Morpeth. These newly-published letters were not written by a woman blindly in love. You must read them yourself to know how delightful they are. Their portraiture of the Whig men and women who ruled the land are superb; the picture they give of family life and of Whig society is enchanting. Much of this society was made up merely of rich and idle men and women, whose only contribution to the age was that they could talk, and talk well. Yet this same political and social clan—for clan it was—defeated Bonaparte, gave the country an empire, and carried political reform several steps nearer.

Through these letters there also runs a human story—the story of how Harriet, aged twenty-four, gradually won Granville from her aunt, aged forty-eight. Lady Bessborough really never had a chance, for her niece had charm and cleverness. Moreover, Harriet was morally

(Continued on page 84)



AN ETON ENGAGEMENT

The bride-elect is Miss Helena Lyttelton, younger daughter of the Hon. George and Mrs. Lyttelton, of Warre House (named after the famous Wet Bob Eton Headmaster), and the future bridegroom is Mr. Peter Lawrence, who is an assistant master at Eton

accords the blessing or the frown. Anyway, conventional sin may be as purely superficial as conventional manners, and what may pass for virtue as thin a veneer as the clothes we wear. The fact is, I suppose, the Ten Commandments didn't include half the deadlier wickedness; or, if they did, made the injunctions sound so limited that most who repeat them mechanically are unaware of their full implication. Anyway, for me it all boils down to one ideal—the people who, in their relation towards others, may be trusted to play the plain, clean, straightforward game, and those whom you cannot trust to play any game other than their own.

It is surprising how utterly simple life and happiness become at the end, when knowledge learnt of hard, bitter experience is of so little use! Such a pity, too, because it is the kind of revelation which can never be passed on. It takes far too long for most of us to discover that the thousands of labels which are attached to human conduct and conviction belong to parcels which, when opened at long last, contain



LADY CROSFIELD, WHO IS GROWING "TISSEUN" TEA

A quantity of "tea" is hanging from the boughs of trees all over England and is of the kind never likely to be rationed. It is brewed from the smaller leaves of lime blossom and is tremendously good for your digestion and nerves. Lady Crosfield, Sir Arthur Crosfield's very charming wife, has grown quantities of it in her beautiful Highgate garden, which in peacetime has been the meeting-place for so many tennis celebrities playing in the cause of charity

**ROBERTSON HARE LOSES HIS KILT**

Judy Kelly (Frankie) and Alfred Drayton (Mr. Bandle) laugh at Robertson Hare (Mr. Popday), who is not very successful with the uniform of a Scottish deserter, which he is forced to wear as all his clothes have been stolen. The kilt is many sizes too large and will not stay up. Mr. Bandle does not appear to have found just the right kind of kit either, but Frankie looks delightful in the nightgown

**"WOMEN AREN'T ANGELS,"
AT THE
STRAND THEATRE**

**W.R.E.N.S. BEWARE OF MAJORS**

"Women Aren't Angels," or that is what the amorous Major Gaunt (Lloyd Pearson) thinks and hopes when he makes advances to Mr. Popday (Robertson Hare), who adopts his wife's uniform and becomes rather a fetching W.R.E.N. The gay Major is looking out for talent for a concert for the troops, and at the same time for any flirtation that may come his way



(ON LEFT) SURPRISED BY A SPY, Mr. Popday (Robertson Hare) is unpacking on the night of his arrival at the country cottage to which he and his partner, Mr. Bandle, have evacuated, and is discovered by a dazzling beauty called Olga, played by Elizabeth Kent, who sweeps mysteriously about—the obvious spy

(ON RIGHT) IMPERSONATING THE ANGELS

After being mixed up with spies, sirens, infuriated wives and every conceivable complication, they endeavour to make their get-away. Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton dress themselves in their wives' naval and military Auxiliary Forces uniforms for this purpose

Photos. : Houston Rogers



WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

right: a great pull. All the same, those who have read the published letters of these two women will realise that it is the difference between discovering the somewhat superficial mind of a delightful young woman, and the deeper, wittier, wiser and more poignant revelation of a much older mind; the mind of a woman who has enriched both her heart and her brain. In any case, here is a book which will delight all who are interested in the gossip of times gone by, and who love to delve into the past for all its stories of human weaknesses and its treasures of personality and brain.

An Enchanting "Escape"

EVERYBODY in these days has his method of escape. I don't mean flight, but rather some secret chamber of the mind where, for a few brief moments, he can get away from the reality of war and destruction and death and sorrow, to re-live there in imagination the peaceful, gracious, dignified interests of a world secure. Some find it by delving right back into the past. I have tried to do so myself, but failed, because it all seemed too remote to belong to anything like life as I have known it. Some look for amusement, but it always seems to me that in these days amusement, as most people consider it, grates like a silly laugh in the wrong place. (I speak as a civilian, naturally: any member of the fighting forces has a right to find his entertainment where and how he pleases.)

Personally, my only means of getting away from the war is, so to speak, just where war—or, at least, its tragic aftermath—is nearest at hand. Then there is so much to do, so much to give, that one's own reaction to the horror is forgotten, or at least laid aside; until once more one is alone with one's own thoughts. Then the problem arises and has to be faced. Merely



THE RED CROSS PENNY-A-WEEK FUND

The Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund is getting money in at, roughly speaking, the rate of £10,000 a week, and at the time that this picture of the recent meeting at the Mansion House was taken, the collection totalled about £110,000—a splendid achievement. Mrs. Kenward (on left), who has been co-opted to the Committee, is the wife of the chairman of the Connaught Rooms; Mr. Hugh Macrae is the Deputy Chairman; Lord Iliffe, who is next, is on the Red Cross Publicity Committee and also Vice-Chairman of the Lord Mayor's Fund; and Lord Southwood, who has worked so hard for the Penny-a-Week Fund, is its chairman

wireless may tell us at news-time in that cultured, matter-of-fact voice which seems to make every change of international fortune sound as personal as a football result, if you are not particularly interested in football.

The author is a travelled woman, but it is always to her Sussex cottage that her heart and mind return. She despises the town-dweller, but realises that it would be foolish to try to convert him. Like asking a man to stop and think who only rarely ceases talking. Happily her love of country life and interests is conveyed to us without the smallest suspicion of gush or affectation. Her outlook is practical, never merely sentimental. She introduces us to her neighbours and to those who help her in the house and garden as simple human beings—neither a butt for her humour, nor a peg upon which to hang her poetical emotion. We like them because we are allowed to get to know them. Moreover, being a practical woman, she realises that the garden and the kitchen are indivisible. Consequently, the book abounds with recipes, which "read" so deliciously and are for the most part so unusual that every serious housewife who lives in the country, possessing a kitchen-garden and a small orchard, will keep it beside her at every season of the year. For others, who scarcely ever see a vegetable until it is middle-aged, and whose store-cupboard abounds in tins, the book will nevertheless be enchanting merely as a book to read and often to dip into again.



Kay Vaughan

VIOLET OLIVIA CRESSY-MARCKS

The famous authoress and traveller, whose latest book, "Journey into China," has been published by Hodder and Stoughton, and, like the distinguished writer's other book on a kindred subject, "China in Asia," is packed with interest and information. Violet Cressy-Marcks, who in private life is Mrs. Francis Fisher, has travelled in every country in the world, and not the least exciting of her many journeys was when she went up the Amazon and over the Andes. A very good book was the result of that peregrination

to think and to go on thinking becomes at last a trip on a roundabout—always moving, but getting nowhere. Those kind of thoughts must be stopped at any cost. They waste the precious moments which remain. One must return, if only fictitiously, to something of the beauty which, for the moment, is no more. Music is there. Nature is just outside. Memory has companionship. And then, of course, there are books. Out of them, each one must make his own choice.

For myself, I make my choice between the literary period of Jane Austen and the Brontës, or, if it be a modern book, then something closely related to Marjorie Hessel Tiltman's "Cottage Pie" (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.). And for this reason: that it describes enchantingly the kind of life and interests we all once knew; while, with sympathy and understanding, sharing our feeling of frustrated hopes and plans which, at the moment, has knocked the bottom out of so many lives. This is a charming book and it is also a sane one. And Heaven knows one clings on to sanity in these days like one clings to old friends; something permanent, though dethroned, in a world given up entirely to destruction. It is a book about the seasons, the birds, flowers, the fruits of the earth—all those things which will never change and which never disappoint. To read this diary is rather like suddenly finding oneself on a remote, sun-bathed hillside, where everything seems true except the anxiety of crowded cities and the holocaust of war. There still are, for instance, other immediate problems than black-out regulations, ration cards, gas-masks, and whatever horror the



Vivienne

FRAU LITTEN EXPOSES THE NAZIS

"A Mother Fights Hitler" is the title of the book by Irmgard Litten, translated by Bernard Miall, showing the desperate efforts made to save her son, Hans Litten, from the Nazi machine. He was a brilliant young advocate who defended some anti-Nazi working men, falsely accused of murder. He was arrested; interned in concentration camps; tortured. Several distinguished English lawyers intervened on his behalf, but after five years of horror he committed suicide—so his mother was informed



THE CORK SHOW IN "NEUTRAL" EIRE

THE SOUTH UNION HOUNDS GIVE THE GALLERY A TREAT

A pack of foxhounds always adds a bit of picturesque colour to any occasion, and at most shows the opportunity is seized. Mr. C. A. Love, who carries the horn, has been Master and Joint-Master of the South Union since 1919. In 1930 he was joined by Major Morgan



Mrs. J. K. Bowen on the Champion Hunter, "MARCUS"
A clever-looking five-year-old by "Sir Roland." He was bred by the fair exhibitor at Ballina Park, Cappoquin, Co. Waterford

THE YOUNG WINNER OF THE CHAMPION JUMPING COMPETITION
Little Anthony Scannell getting the Thompson Cup from Mrs. Clarke, wife of the President of the Show. T. Hyde, the Grand National jockey, was second, and Miss Sheila Myres third



(LEFT) ANTHONY
SCANNELL WINNING
ON "PATIENCE"

This little boy and his clever pony were the outstanding performers, and they also won in the pairs in the Hunt Competition

(RIGHT) "LUCKY
STRIKE" (T. HYDE UP)
This horse won the Open on the first day. T. Hyde rode Sir Alexander Maguire's "Sterling Duke" in this year's Grand National



"CHU CHIN CHOW" AT THE PALACE THEATRE

NECESSITY knows no law, and in obedience to the law of necessity I was once compelled to lunch at Huddersfield. The hotel was new and obviously of the four- or five-starred variety. The menu was in gold and in that extraordinary jargonese French beloved of hotel managers. And at once one particular dish leaped to my startled eye. This was "Stewed Plaise à l'Anglaise"! I thought of this the other night at the Palace Theatre when *Chu Chin Chow* reopened to the tune of "Here Be Oysters Stewed in Honey." Well, there's no accounting for tastes, and if I am to confess to a personal pet delicacy it is for winkles pickled in treacle! When in my favourite restaurant in an East Coast town this dish happens to be "off," I have

popular in the West End if Mr. Frederic Norton had written tunes for him! It was certainly Mr. Norton's music which pulled *Chu Chin Chow* through originally and which will presumably continue to do so. "I'll Sing and Dance" has genuine gaiety, the serenade has real charm, "Any Time's Kissing Time" includes even this wartime, and the Cobbler's Song still remains worth any singer's while.

Is it possible that Mr. Lyn Harding's Abu Hasan is a little too full of the milk of human kindness? It is, however, a gracious and dignified performance, and this much-esteemed actor's first-night speech was a model of what such things should be. Mr. Dennis Noble and Mr. Bruce Dargavel give well-voiced and sonorous performances,

while Mr. Tom Kinniburgh as the play's master of ceremonies displays remarkable composure throughout, perhaps because if he didn't the bird-cage-like contraption he wears on his head would fall off. Mr. Jerry Verno as Ali Baba shows vocal as well as acting ability. Of the character known as the Desert Flower I write with bated breath. Othello says that something or other turned his world into one entire and perfect chrysolite. This Desert Flower's performance turns the present globe into sixteen entire and perfect chrysolites, all of them hung around the neck of Miss Rosalinde Fuller. But I still think that the desert ought to have sprouted at least one camel!

This is the place to rebuke our highbrows, who allege that instead of *Chu Chin Chow* they would have preferred a revival of, say, James Elroy Flecker's *Hassan*, with its undoubted poetry and its incidental music by Frederick Delius. It is no use forcing cobbler to desert their lasts, and it is equally little use trying to persuade a people's taste from the direction in which it naturally lies.

I remember a winter or two ago that there was a gas explosion in the street outside the Prince's Theatre. A main blew up; there were danger notices everywhere, no vehicle could approach within two hundred yards of the theatre; and it was snowing. Did these things prevent elegant ladies descending from Rolls-Royces and from picking their way to the theatre on the arms of firemen and the police? They did not. Was the piece Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist*, which was done not very long ago at the same theatre and proved a dead failure? No! It was a roaring musical comedy performed by Mr. Jerry Stickfast and Miss Gloria Gloy. So there you are!

This explains why during the last war *Chu Chin Chow* set up that record which is still a very long way from being beaten, and why its revival during the present war has been acclaimed equally by the middle-aged, with their long and sentimental memories, and by the young folk extending to it that toleration they are always willing to afford their parents.



DENNIS NOBLE AS NUR-AL-HUDA ALI, MARJORIE BROWNE AS MARJANAH, TOM KINNIBURGH AS ABDULLAH, PETER BENNETT AS KASIM BABA, ROSALINDE FULLER AS ZAH RAT, LYN HARDING AS ABU HASAN

been known to ask for prawns in marmalade. The point is that any one of these dishes would serve to describe that national absurdity which is *Chu Chin Chow*.

Now there is a right way and a wrong way of being absurd. When Abu Hasan asks the Cobbler to describe the place where he stitched Kasim Baba's body together, the Cobbler replies: "When I returned from the house I took the first to the left, first right, first right again, and then left again." Whereupon Abu Hasan tells his chief robber to go to Kasim Baba's house, taking first left, first right, first right again, and then left again, when he will find himself at Kasim Baba's house. I will bet all the jewels in Cartier's window to the smallest piece of paste lying about the Robbers' Cave that the chief robber will find himself anywhere else in "Barg-Dard" except Kasim Baba's house. Work it out for yourself, dear reader!

This, of course, is the wrong kind of absurdity. The right kind of absurdity is that the robbers should drown in as much boiling oil as would certainly not come above their ankles. On the other hand, the libretto to a musical play has never mattered and never will. Even Shakespeare would be



BRUCE DARGAVEL AS BABA MUSTAFA (A COBBLER), JERRY VERNO AS ALI BABA, KAY BOURNE AS ALCOLOM, SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER AS MANBUBAH



A MOST TERRIFYING BACCHANTE

HERMIONE GINGOLD,
THE QUEEN OF BURLESQUE,
IN "SWINGING THE GATE"

Quite inimitable in all she does, and at the very top of her best in this latest of Norman Marshall's productions at the Ambassadors Theatre. To see Hermione Gingold as a discontented Bacchante on her way to an orgy in Battersea Park, longing for some nice young man to introduce her to his mother; as the lady getting nicely, thank you, on port in the Orient Express, or as the rather overblown gold-digger, would even make the Sphinx cry with laughter. Hermione Gingold has been associated with Gate Revues ever since the first one in 1934

Photographs: Houston Rogers



As Mrs. NINAVEY IN "ORIENT EXPRESS"
(BELOW) IN "LA GRANDE AMOUREUSE"





THE ROYAL PRINCESSES TO STAY IN ENGLAND



PRINCESS MARGARET AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH
AND (ABOVE) "PASSENGER"

The King and Queen decided not to send their children to the Dominions as was suggested, but to keep them in this country to share the dangers of others who are unable to be evacuated overseas, and these charming pictures show Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose driving their pony-cart, which has been brought into use once more, owing to the necessity of saving petrol, in the grounds of the country house where they are in residence for the duration of the war, and where they look forward to occasional visits from their parents. The Welsh Corgi, their constant and faithful companion, is seen with them, thoroughly enjoying the drive



HIS EXCELLENCY THE PORTUGUESE AMBASSADOR

Doctor Armindo Monteiro, the Portuguese Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, was educated in Lisbon; became Professor of Law at the University; was Foreign Minister from 1935 to 1936 under Doctor Salazar, who rules Portugal so successfully as a democratic Dictator. H.E. also held the positions of Under-Secretary of State at the Ministry of Finance, and Minister for the Colonies. Mme. Monteiro was evacuated to the country, but has now returned and is in residence with her husband at their new home, 11, Belgrave Square. Their two sons and two daughters are in Lisbon, where there are now many important refugees. Portugal, who is Britain's oldest and most faithful friend, is celebrating the Eighth Centenary of her Independence, which the Duke of Kent attended as the representative of the King.



THE BROWN DRAWING-ROOM, NOW THE OFFICE OF THE NATIONAL TRUST:
(L. TO R.) MISS RIDLEY-THOMSON, MISS PATTERSON (SEC.), AND MISS GOMM



LADY DASHWOOD, WEST WYCOMBE

COUNTRY HOME

No. 8: WEST WYCOMBE



MACHINING PYJAMAS: MRS. BLACK, MISS WUTHRICK, AND MISS FITZRANDOLF,
LADY DASHWOOD'S AUNT



(ON LEFT) LADY
DASHWOOD AT THE
CUTTING-OUT TABLE
AT WORK
ON PYJAMAS
FOR THE TROOPS



A CHARMING LANDSCAPE WITH THE

Lady Dashwood's working-party for clothing and hospital supplies was started by her as an entirely local effort soon after the war began, and is staffed by workers from the estate and the village, with Lady Dashwood's mother, Mrs. Vernon Eaton, and her aunt, Miss Fitzrandolf, giving invaluable aid. The initial sum of £100 for providing materials was raised by the determined personal efforts of Lady Dashwood and her helpers, and it is well worthy of mention that £30 of it was collected by carol-singing last Christmas, when things were so completely Arctic! All the finished garments are sent to the Hon. Mrs. E. F. Lawson, at Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, the depôt for hospital supplies in South Bucks. Lady Dashwood



CHÂTELAINE, ON A BUSY DAY IN HER OFFICE

IN WARTIME PARK, BUCKS.



HOSTESS IN THE FOREGROUND

a Vice-President of the Red Cross in the county, and in addition to carrying on this personal effort at West Wycombe, she gives hospitality to the clerical staff of the National Trust, who are so zealous that they work every night after hours, and to the Women's Land Army in Bucks., who have their headquarters office and clothing store in a part of the stables. West Wycombe is said to have been the work of Wyatt, but the complete plans by Adam of the house as it stands are in the possession of Sir John Dashwood. The owner, the tenth holder of an ancient baronetcy, is serving in a Balloon Barrage unit. In the last war he served with a battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and also with the then novel tanks



THE PALLADIAN LOGGIA ON THE SOUTH FRONT, SAID TO BE THE WORK OF WYATT



THE STAFF OF WEST WYCOMBE ALL HELP IN THE WORK

(ON RIGHT)
BUSY PACK-
ING: LADY
DASHWOOD,
MRS. VER-
NON EATON,
AND MRS.
JAMES
(TREASURER)





THE SIR JOHN CASS CANTEEN FOR ALL CITY WORKERS

Nurses, firemen, and A.R.P. workers all flock to this excellent canteen in the Sir John Cass Foundation School, now evacuated to the country. The dining-room and kitchens have been put at the disposal of the W.V.S. for their canteen



MISS RUTH HARDIE AND MRS. E. A. BAILEY, HEAD OF THE CANTEEN FOR CIVIL DEFENCE WORKERS



THE RIVER EMERGENCY SERVICE

A parade in one of the vessels. Names: (l. to r.) Mr. T. C. Trapp, Ambulance Officer; Miss Prior, Mrs. Foxon, Miss Leroux, Mrs. Hoare, Miss Tressider, Miss Weil, Sister Granville and Sister Burns

(LEFT, BELOW) A W.V.S. MOBILE CANTEEN

Miss Skimming and Mrs. G. O. Nickalls, and (outside) the Lady Mayoress (Lady Coxen) and Mrs. E. A. Bailey



ONE OF THE THAMES AMBULANCE CRAFT (BELOW) IN A MOBILE CANTEEN

In the picture is Mrs. Graham, who is an expert on catering, trained at various famous centres



THE CITY IN WARTIME

THE LADY MAYORESS'S
COMFORTS LEAGUE,
THE W.V.S. CANTEEN
WORKERS AND
OTHER ACTIVITIES



IN THE CITY OF LONDON OFFICE OF THE W.V.S.
Miss M. W. Alexander, Mrs. Granville Fearon, and Mrs. Godsell hard at work. The wool is for the knitting organisation of the W.V.S. among City workers

MRS. GRANVILLE FEARON AND MRS. NOEL LAYTON
AT THE GUILDHALL ANNEXE



IN A FLOATING FIRST-AID POST
The names are: (l. to r.) Mrs. Foxton, Miss Tressider, Miss Prior, Mrs. Hoare, Sister Burns, and (at back) Miss Weil
(BELOW) M. POUISHNOFF, SOLOIST AT THE MANSION HOUSE CONCERT;
THE LADY MAYORESS, AND MRS. HAMILTON DENNY



The City of London has a wartime life all its own, and though to the casual observer there is not much outward and visible sign, it goes on just the same by day and by night: first-aid posts, A.R.P. drill, fire practices, canteen work, both stationary and mobile ambulance work, ashore and afloat—2300 people all hard at it, plus 580 knitters amongst the clerks and typists in the City—a never-ceasing surge of patriotic activity. The knitters are organised by the W.V.S. City Branch, directed by Mrs. Noel Layton, wife of the well-known golfer, who is seen above in her office in the Guildhall Annexe with her assistant. The W.V.S. also provide canteens for City defence workers, and are very justly proud of their mobile one, which was paid for out of their own fund raised entirely by the City Branch, and has been doing its job at various London termini. The City Music Circle was also formed by the W.V.S. and was the outcome of several successful lunchtime concerts on the lines of the ones at the National Gallery, etc. These proved so popular that the idea was expanded into this Music Circle, which gave its first concert at the Mansion House last month, the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress being present, with the famous M. Pouishnoff as the solo artist. He is seen in one of the pictures, being shown the kind of gloves made for the mine-sweeper crews—crocheted twine over strong cloth; tough, as is necessary for the kind of job they have to do

(BELOW) LADY KINDERSLEY AND MRS. DUDLEY LAURIE
Packing some of the garments for overseas, of which 40,000 have already gone



PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"



AN ALL-ENGLAND CRICKETER'S ENGAGEMENT
Mr. Hugh Bartlett, the Cambridge, Sussex, and England cricketer, with his fiancée, Miss Betty Hughes. Hugh Bartlett, who captained Dulwich in his schooldays, goes to the R.A.S.C. and hopes to get married on one of his first leaves

OUR Foreign Secretary, as we know, has no need to be told how efficient are our L.D.V.s, for he was held up by one of them quite recently, and it was of no use Lord Halifax's chauffeur trying to explain, because all the answer he got was: "Oh, are yer? And I'm Lord Nuffield!" You can't get to wind'ard of the real old sweat. And here is another perfectly true yarn: I was there myself, so it is gospel! There was once a bishop who had a perfectly charming wife with only one fault—she could never be in time for anything. One day there was a big function to which bishop and spouse had to go and had to be on time, because after the zero hour all roads were to be barred by armed sentries. Of course Mrs. Bishop wasn't ready, and so his Lordship had to go on alone and tell her that he would send the stately chariot back for her. When eventually she got under way and arrived at the cordon she was promptly stopped by Private Thomas Atkins.

"But I must go through," said she.

"Can't 'elp it, Mum," said the sentry. "I 'ave me orders!"

"But I'm the bishop's lady!" she protested.

"Very sorry, Mum, but if you was 'is wife you couldn't get through!"

That's "discipline," that is!

THERE is plenty more evidence of how highly efficient our L.D.V.s are.

The other day a Heinkel crew bailed-out because they were getting a bit peppered. The L.D.V. post thought they must be parachutists, and plugged the lot before they reached ground. The R.A.F. padre who had to attend to the subsequent obsequies told me this, so of course it is quite true. In wartime sentries need only challenge once: if they think they are in danger of being rushed they are entitled not to challenge at all, and just loose off. So let us mind our eye. These chaps are mostly seasoned warriors and take no chances, as why should they, when any hesitation may result in their being painfully destroyed? A very famous General narrowly missed being shot because he was over-fond of doing a Napoleon act and prowling round his own official residence after dark just to see if the sentries were on the alert. He thought he would see if he could rush one of them.

ANOTHER little story of the efficient sentry seems to fit in here. It concerns the occupation of Jerusalem during the last war. A studious young officer, complete with Baedeker, approached the sentry at the quarter guard and said: "Oh, could you kindly direct me to the Mount of Olives?"

"No, sir," said the man. "I'm sorry, but I 'aven't quite got the 'ang of things round 'ere yet: but the Fox and Grapes is just round the corner!"

COLONEL JOSIAH WEDGWOOD recently made the admirable suggestion that all German prisoners of war in this country should be sent to St. Helena, which has a charming climate and lovely sea air. Save that I do not see why we should stop at German prisoners, I think the idea is splendid. If there should not happen to be

room on St. Helena for the Germans, plus the Fifth Columnists, of whom we have managed to collect a good few, why not another really charming seaside resort—the Andaman Islands? They would just suit the Fifth Columnist, for they are a penal settlement mostly inhabited by



MR. H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER

The famous Winchester, Surrey, and England cricket-captain and Test selector, who is now an L.D.V. and just the man to send the Hogs for six when he gets the chance

murderers of both sexes, who have managed somehow or other to short-head the hangman.

WORK behind the line is as useful as the stuff they do actually in the line, and, I venture to suggest, a bit more trying to the nerves. The Red Cross Sale is a magnificent example, and though the hundreds and hundreds of people who have put their backs into it to make a success have never so much as suggested that they want to be thanked, I think that it is only fair dues that they should be. The work, as I happen to know personally, has been extremely heavy, and the publicity department has not been the lightest side of it. The chap who has done it has been an old friend, Douglas Crawford, former Foreign Editor of the *Daily Mail*, and I know that I am risking his cutting me off his visiting-list by mentioning this particular fact; but, as I say, let the palm be worn by the man who has earned it. And, by thunder! he has. I tip the thick end of £200,000 as the result.



THE BUCCANEERS C.C.

Composed of public school and 'Varsity men, they have been carrying on the good work very well this season so far! Of some of those in the picture, W. G. Goodliffe is a Soccer International; G. R. de Soysa (Oxford), K. B. Croker (Surrey), P. F. Judge, Middlesex at sixteen and now Glamorgan County; C. K. Herbert (hockey International), and E. R. Conradi collected four centuries for Cambridge this season, and in peacetime would have got his Blue

The full names are: (l. to r., standing) A. E. Kimber, D. L. Donnelly, E. R. Conradi, W. G. Goodliffe, T. C. Wheelhouse and G. R. de Soysa; (sitting) K. B. Croker, G. B. Forge, Geoffrey Moore (captain), P. F. Judge and C. K. Herbert

Stuart

"MEL" WITH THE FORCES



A HOLDING BATTALION ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS

Every picture is supposed to tell its own story, and it is felt that this one does to them "as knows." The artist's sitters will most certainly appreciate all the *noms de guerre* which are bestowed, and no doubt will be very ready to admit that the portraiture is of the highest order. The mess would appear to be a cheery spot, in which any officer might find himself, and the importance of the duties of the Royal Corps of Signals in both peace and war needs no stressing

THE HOME FRONT

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

Cultural Relations in London

THE British determination to remain normal—appearances to the contrary—was well illustrated at Mr. Christopher Sandeman's sherry-party given purposely on a date said to have been reserved by Hitler for the invasion of this country. Mr. Sandeman is the distinguished botanist, traveller, gardener, writer and Edwardian wit, whose recent book, "A Forgotten River," is all about his journey through Peru last year, with that interesting young actor Michael O'Halloran. This is one of the most delightful pieces of escapist literature I have come across since the war; gardeners and botanists should mark it in their catalogues, and every level of brow will be entertained. The host was assisted by his sister, Lady (Hugh) O'Neill, at whose soldier son's recent wedding the Dowager Lady O'Neill, aged ninety-two, made a splendid appearance.

Others at the sherry-party were Sir Percy Laurie, of Police fame, and that lovely woman Mrs. "Dick" Legh, whose husband is Lord Newton's heir, and whose sister, Miss Gwen Meysey-Thompson, is the



Pooler, Dublin

INTERESTING IRISH ENGAGEMENT

Miss Pansy Grace, well known in the Irish dog world, the third daughter of Captain Sir Valentine Grace, and of the late Lady Grace, of Boley, Monkstown, Co. Dublin, is engaged to Mr. Frederick R. Hill, only son of the Rev. W. J. Hill and Mrs Hill, of Innishowen, Portrush, Northern Ireland. Miss Grace is seen exercising two retrievers and an Alsatian

Duchess of Gloucester's Lady-in-Waiting. It is Mr. Sandeman's belief that a simple coming-together-of-friends-for-no-warlike-purpose, in homely surroundings, relaxes the nerves and helps the middle-aged in particular to remain of use to the community. Sir Henry McMahon, who features vividly in Lawrence of Arabia's writings; Sir Horace and Lady Rumbold; Colonel and Lady Aline Vivian; and the author Philip Guedalla, with his wife, were others talking in the coolth of Mr. Sandeman's high, Spanish-looking living-room. In the middle of the party, Miss Violet Vanbrugh telephoned to say she could not come because of a charity rehearsal: The best remark of the evening was the host's couplet, in the eighteenth-century manner—

Praise God one ruler's a stout fellow,
The Queen stayed orange, though
the King turned yellow.

National Gallery News

LADY GATER'S sandwich and quick-lunch bar, which has been established for nearly eight months, is so successful, and the delicacies provided so universally popular with concert-goers, that she has been asked to open a similar undertaking for members of the Forces and workers from the various Ministries, adjacent to Trafalgar Square.

Accommodation for this new venture has been generously granted by Sir Kenneth Clark and the Directors of the National Gallery. It is being staffed by some of the original volunteers from the concert lunch-counter, with various decorative newcomers. Sir Stafford Cripps' sister, Mrs. Alfred Egerton, and

Mrs. Julian Huxley have transferred to the National Gallery basement, and Mrs. Cecil Berens remains in charge of the coffee-urns on both levels. She has a beauty-box specially reserved to give her urns face-treatments. This appendage goes with her to work each day.

Talking of unusual accessories, Miss Peggy Blake, some of whose adventures I related last week, managed to evacuate her white mouse from France, complete in its gasproof box. She and other young veterans of the Anglo-French Ambulance Corps have been chosen to drive the new fleet of American ambulances recently given to G.B.

The Lunch Scene in London

AT Claridge's, the coveted table just inside the door on the right, reserved by Mme. Paul Dubonnet for many years, alternately with Mrs. Julie Thompson, is now held by Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford, whose guest the other day was Lord Graves, labelled in peacetime as "the bookmaker peer." Gay floral prints were worn by Mrs. Ralph Delmé-Radcliffe, who is heavily engaged in canteen work in the country, and by her

great friend Mrs. Cecil Brownhill, whose two little girls are at Roedean, which has evacuated to the Lake District and exported some girls to Canada. Captain Edward Molyneux, Noel Coward, Jacques Franck (in a very smart French uniform), and other youngish men were telling each other the

(Continued on page 98)



Mrs. ANTHONY ACTON AND Mrs. J. MUSKER
Seen in the neighbourhood of a Curzon Street restaurant. Mrs. Acton, before her marriage to Mr. William Anthony Acton in 1932, was Miss Joan Pearson, daughter of the late Hon. Francis Pearson, who was killed in action in the early days of the last war, and is a cousin of Viscount Cowdray. Her husband is working in the Ministry of Information. Mrs. Johnnie Musker, formerly Miss Elizabeth Loeffler, and her husband are sailing enthusiasts in peacetime, and a very popular couple



MR. AND MRS. F. W. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY

Miss Janet Meta Ogilvy-Wedderburn, elder daughter of Sir John and Lady Ogilvy-Wedderburn, of Silvie, Meigle, Perthshire, was married quietly at Chelsea Old Church on July 9 to Mr. Francis William Fairfax-Cholmeley, elder son of the late Mr. H. C. Fairfax-Cholmeley, and of Mrs. Fairfax-Cholmeley, of Swathgill, Hovingham, York

MARRIAGE À LA MODE

(On right). Miss Diana Mary Ponsonby, second daughter of Colonel Charles Ponsonby, M.P. for the Sevenoaks Division, and the Hon. Mrs. Ponsonby, of Woodleys, Woodstock, Oxon., was married at Wootton St. Mary Church to Mr. Mark Meynell, younger son of Colonel and Lady Dorothy Meynell, of Hoar Cross, Burton-on-Trent, and nephew of the Earl of Dartmouth. The bridesmaids are the two sisters of the bride and the two sisters of the bridegroom, Miss Lavinia and Miss Juliet Ponsonby and Miss Dorothy and Miss Rachel Meynell. The best man was the Hon. Richard Wood, youngest son of Viscount Halifax



MR. AND MRS. MARK MEYNELL AND THEIR BRIDESMAIDS OUTSIDE WOOTTON ST. MARY CHURCH, OXON.



MR. AND MRS. ERIC GORDON
St. James's Church, Sussex Gardens, W.2, was the scene of the wedding which recently took place between Mr. Eric G. S. Gordon, son of the late Hon. J. E. Gordon and Mrs. Gordon, and Miss Betty Rosemary Norcott Taylor, elder daughter of Vice-Admiral Ernest Taylor, M.P. for South Paddington, and Mrs. Taylor, of 1a, Holland Park, W.11



LIEUTENANT AND MRS. J. S. MILLER

A very pretty Naval wedding was solemnised recently at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Plymouth, the bridegroom being Lieutenant J. S. Miller, R.N., and his bride, Miss Katherine Mary Syms, daughter of Surgeon Rear-Admiral G. F. Syms. They are seen after the wedding with the best man (left), Lieutenant B. Ball



MR. AND MRS. J. M. WOOD

Miss Edmée Weisweiler, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Weisweiler, formerly of 43, Lowndes Square, was married on July 6 at the Guards Chapel, Wellington Barracks, to Mr. John Michael Wood, Grenadier Guards, elder son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. Wood, of Blackthorpe, Rougham, Suffolk.



(ON LEFT) MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR WHEELEY

The marriage took place on July 3 at St. Peter's Church, Ightham, Kent, between Second Lieutenant Arthur (Tertius) Wheeley, R.A., third son of the late Mr. J. T. M. Wheeley, and Miss Patricia Watney, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Watney, of Ivy Hatch Court, near Sevenoaks, Kent.

(ON RIGHT) MR. AND MRS. REUBEN REYNOLDS

Miss Phyllis Northen, only daughter of Lady Mayo-Robson, of 91, Philbeach Gardens, S.W.5, and of Lieut.-Col. A. Northen, C.B.E., D.S.O., was married to Mr. Reuben Reynolds, elder son of Sir Perceval and Lady Reynolds, of Digswell, Herts. The bride and bridegroom are seen leaving St. Philip's Church, Earl's Court



THE HOME FRONT—continued

news that Howard Sturgis, an artistic wit from the Paris-American colony, is safe in Pau with various American war-workers, including that sturdy Parisian figure, Miss Isabel Kemp.

Also lunching—Lord and Lady Winchelsea (he is a sailor); Lady Jersey; red-headed Ambrose Congreve and his wife (her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Glasgow, wisely retired to their native U.S.A. last autumn); Miss Rosemary Kerr, in her



ALICE DELYSIA AND EVELYN LAYE

A Cabaret Matinée Tea, organised by the Actresses' Franchise League, was recently held at Grosvenor House, at which Delysia acted as commère for the cabaret. Everyone was delighted to see her safely back after her terrible adventures in France. Evelyn Laye has lately become a cabaret artist, making a great success, but we hope to see her on the stage again before long

grey nurse's uniform; John Sutro, of the unruly expression; and French-born Mrs. Frank Goldsmith, who is deeply concerned about various relatives in France. Mr. Charles, the popular head-waiter, whose winter field is normally the Carlton at Cannes, had no news of his family, but was keeping wonderfully cheerful.

Hatless, in sunlit Albemarle Street, Joan Buckmaster (Mrs. Robert Morley) looked attractively unbelligerent in powder-blue with diamond clips. (Congratulations to her father, the inimitable "Buck," on becoming Lord Ashfield's son-in-law.) And Mrs. Bertie Stern's shepherdess hat in Bond Street was a reminder that Ascot has been and gone.

News from the North

A recent air-raid warning caught a number of people in an hotel up North towards the end of their theatre suppers. The dining-room, which has no outside windows and its mirrors obscured with a new solution of rubber which prevents splintering, became a Stygian home from home for nearly four hours, but the party spirit could not

be maintained by even so much as a glass of water, as every light in the building, including kitchens, was firmly put out. Commander and Mrs. Clive Trencham were among the lucky one who got away in time. Jack Buchanan and Elsie Randolph, whose combined revue, *Top Hat and Tails*, was packing the Empire, were lucky enough to be sitting at a sofa table and so could tuck their feet up.

In Derbyshire, Mrs. Ian Fairholm and Mrs. Owen Plowright cheered their mutual friends with a week-end party, while husbands rushed in for hurried meals between L.D.V. duties and keeping steelworks going. At Hassop, Sir Henry and Lady Stephenson hold the home fort for scattered sons and daughters, including their youngest, Lettice, who is a W.A.A.F., and two sons in Palestine, Francis and Eustace.

At the club in Sheffield the other day, Mr. Pat Egan, of peacetime yachting fame, gave a cinema show from his sailing repertoire, including shots of sunny California in a really lovely colour sequence. Petrol permitting, "Pat" is among the patrons of Wortley golf course, of which Lord Wharnccliffe is President. Others on the Yorkshire side of Sheffield are the "Freddie" Dundases, who are engaged in war work at Cawthorne. They have two sons in the R.A.F.

A County Budget

IN Gloucestershire, one of the keenest W.V.S. workers is Mrs. "Archie" Murray, who supervises an enormous area and works in a canteen. Her husband, who used to be Joint-Master of the Berkeley Hunt, is back in the Army as Assistant Garrison Commander, and all three of their sons are serving: "Archie II." in the Black Watch; Ian in the Argyll and Sutherland, and the youngest in the R.A.F. A typical county family record, 1940 model.

From Suffolk I hear the voluntary evacuation of a famous seaside resort was carried

out in excellent order. These transplantations come hard on the older generation. For example, "Dick" (Balloon Barrage) Liddell's mother, who had lived in the same house for forty years, found it a sentimental wrench. Her last evening was redeemed by a delightful dinner-party given by Colonel Burke-Gaffney. He is full of Irish charm, and, like his second-in-command, Major "Willie" Humphrey, was in the Royal Irish until it was disbanded. They had both dined with Mrs. Liddell some twenty-five years ago, when stationed in the same coastal district in the other German war.

In a recent raid on those parts, the sirens sounded after several gigantic crashes, which shook the houses but made surprisingly little noise. People remarked that a bomb must have fallen about five miles away,



COMFORTS FOR THE A.T.S.

Lady Ironside, wife of General Sir Edmund Ironside, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces, chatting to Volunteer Duncan (centre) and Sub-Leader Gillespie at the cocktail-party at the Basil Street Hotel, Knightsbridge, organised to raise money for the Duchess of Northumberland's Benevolent and Comforts Fund for the A.T.S.

and found, to their amazement, that the distance was 150 yards! Everyone who has written to me from a raided district seems pleasantly surprised, having prepared for more noise.

In Surrey, Mrs. Ernest Guinness and the Dowager Lady Harcourt are particularly busy war hostesses, at Holmbury St. Mary and Puttenham Priory, respectively, while the Guildford W.V.S. have added to their laurels by successfully settling another 200-odd evacuees from a South Coast port, plus helping with transport for the L.D.V., making and sewing their armlets, and providing camp-beds and rugs where possible.

In Wiltshire, this story is circulating. A motorist, baffled by the lack of signs, stopped and asked a yokel the way to a certain town. The reply can be translated as follows: "What's the use of taking down all the signposts if I go and tell you where you are?" The L.D.V. in Luckington, Wilts., are commanded by Captain F. W. Hartman, whose name was, unfortunately, misspelt in this article three weeks ago.



STAGE STARS ASSIST WAR EFFORT

Zena Dare and Patricia Burke, seen autographing War Savings Certificates at Harrods, are helping at the Centre formed to give information about Savings Certificates; the many forms of National Service required; and recruiting for the Auxiliary Forces. Zena Dare, who in private life is the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett, was last seen on the stage in *Spring Meeting*, and Patricia Burke is appearing in *Up and Doing*, at the Saville, contributing some excellent songs



*The girl who says "and Schweppes is mine"
You'd hardly call a Philistine*

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Noisy Noises.

VIOLENT arguments have arisen as to whether it is possible to distinguish British from German aeroplanes solely by their noise. At one gathering-point of near-air enthusiasts there were sounds as of the long, lingering, last (but not lost) chord sounded by the residue of the bath water. There was, in fact, a competition in progress as to who could imitate most realistically the sounds of the various kinds of aeroplane that had been flying over the British Isles during the previous week or so. Some maintained that the Nazi note was noticeable; others that it did not differ one iota from the "Blenheim" beat.

But the consensus of expert, if inebriated, opinion was that an instructed audience could tell the difference between enemy and other aircraft even at long range. There then ensued the usual argument, wherein it

appeared that there was a good deal of misunderstanding about the causes of the beat which appears in the sound of twin-engined machines. I am ready to be convinced otherwise at any time, but my own view is that it would be impossible to tell the difference between a "Heinkel III" flying at 20,000 feet and a "Blenheim" fighter flying at 20,000 feet on approximately equivalent engine régimes. The beat is caused by the engines synchronising (or un-synchronising, if you prefer it), and is therefore possible in both types of machine. The engines themselves, though of totally different design, are not likely at a great distance to be easily distinguishable by their notes.

A "Spitfire" or a "Hurricane" does have a characteristic noise, because both are single-engined aeroplanes capable of very high speed, and it is probably possible to distinguish a twin-engined aeroplane from a single. But people seem to forget that we are using twin-engined fighters at night fairly extensively. In fact, some of the most effective night-fighting has been done by "Blenheim" fighters. It may be interesting, therefore, to note the ear-training activities of people who are arguing these points; but it does not seriously affect the issue. The fact is that the German aeroplane is not readily distinguishable from the British solely by sound.

We have not only twin-engined fighters, but also twin-engined bombers flying over the British Isles at night. The distinction that can be heard and recognised with certainty is not really between German and British, but between a twin-engined and a single-engined aeroplane. I think this point should be emphasised, because unless it is clearly understood, so many people spread the story that German machines have been flying "directly over the house" on the previous night. If German machines had, in fact, been flying directly over all the houses where they were reported, there would have been hundreds of thousands of them, and I doubt if the most pessimistic estimate of the strength of the *Luftwaffe* will get up to these figures.

An Amusing Air Book.

AN air book which delighted me recently was "More Charlton." I was particularly amused by the account of the royal entertainment, where the royal refreshments only went as far as tea, coffee or lemonade. This air book is well worth reading.



A FLYING BLUE'S WEDDING

Squadron Leader the Rev. Francis W. Cocks, the former Cambridge Rugger Blue, and his charming young bride after their wedding at Hampstead Parish Church. Mrs. F. W. Cocks is the former Miss Barbara Thompson, the actress. Her father, Mr. H. Thompson, is a retired naval officer. The bride's bouquet was carried out in the R.A.F. colours

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

On Making Suggestions

I WONDER how many suggestions for outwitting the enemy are submitted to the authorities every day. I sent one in recently, and was quite surprised to have a polite acknowledgment which stated, after suitable thanks, that the said suggestion was not new and did not add to present knowledge on the subject.

A more sensitive person might think that that remark could have been omitted. Anyway, I'm sure that my suggestion was not quite as futile as one quoted by the *Autocar*. It recommended that when a parachute raid was developing, all motorists should immediately start driving on the wrong side of the road, as on the Continent, the idea being that the parachutists would note the traffic flow, and deduct from it that they'd landed in the wrong country! The author of this brain-wave might have added that we should all start speaking French at the same time, so as to bamboozle the enemy still more.

Should the Deaf Drive?

A deaf A.R.P. woman warden, failing to stop when challenged the other night, was shot dead. And similar stories are told in other parts of the country. While sympathy is felt naturally for people who lose their lives in this way, deaf people, or those with poor sight for that matter, have only themselves to blame if they ignore official challenges.

It would be far wiser if they kept off the roads at night. Some might even suggest that deaf people should not drive at all in wartime, on the ground that they may be a menace to others as well as to themselves. There are exceptions to every rule, and some stone-deaf motorists have driven for years without ever having been involved in an accident. But to-day a deaf motorist, especially when alone in a car and at night, is at a very serious disadvantage.

Compulsory Immobilisation of Cars

I bet the people who came out of the film-house and found that the air had been let out of the tyres of their unlocked cars won't fail to immobilise them again. A point that some drivers may

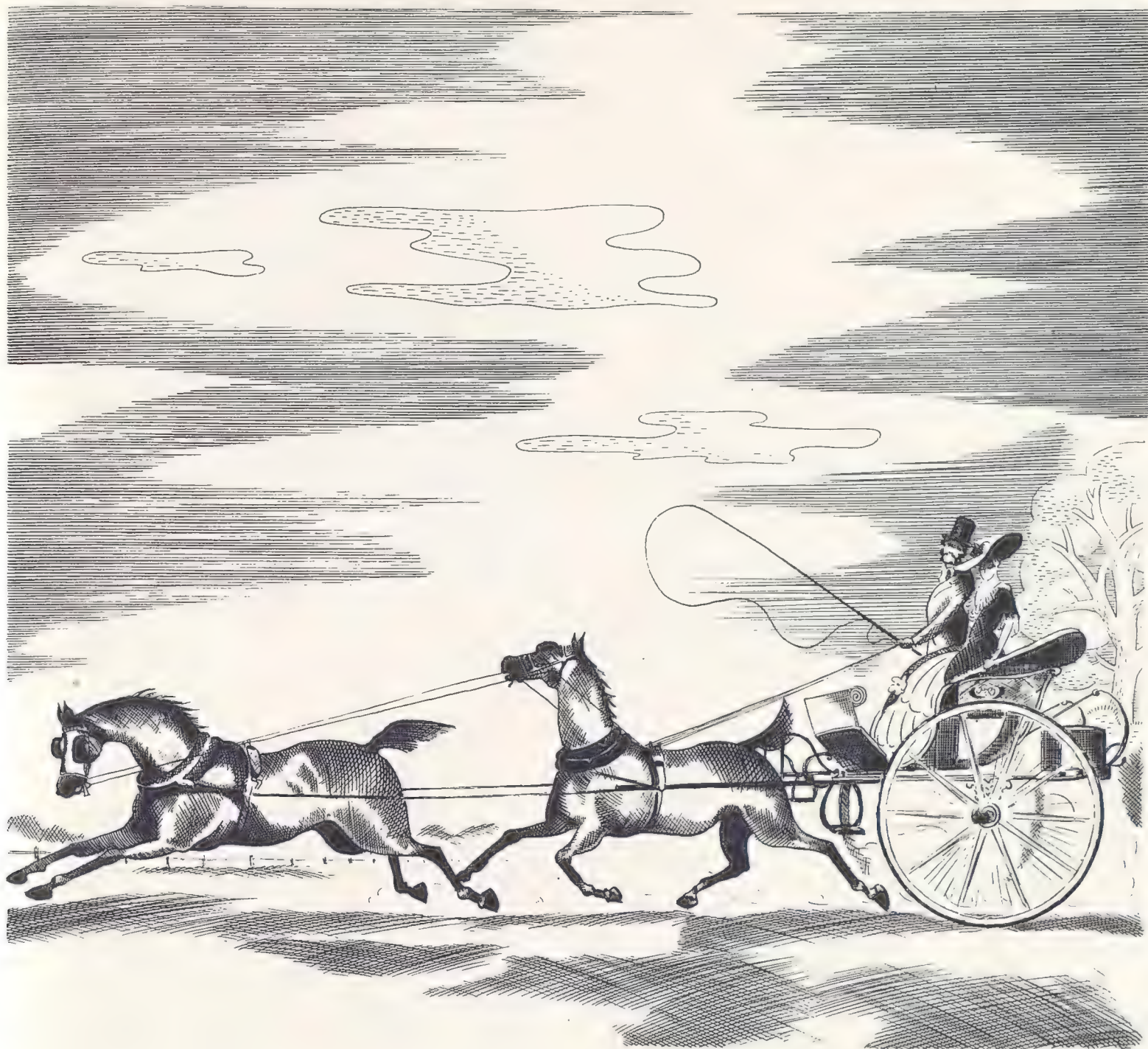


AN ALVIS SPEED "TWENTY-FIVE" COUPÉ

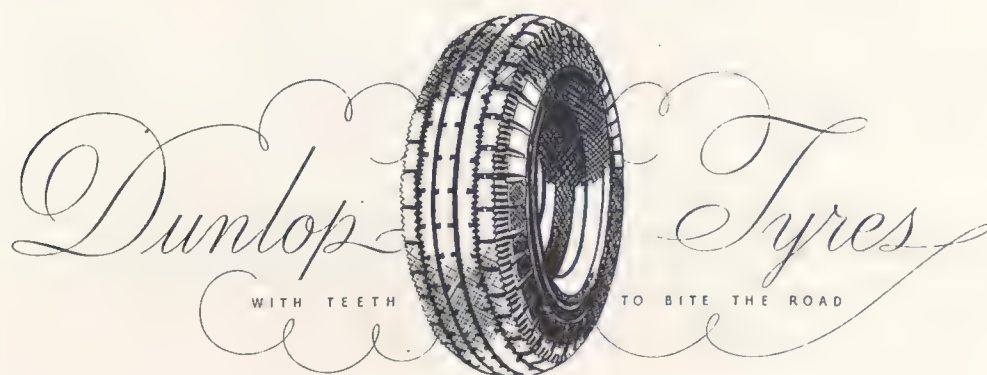
Framed in a peaceful-looking country village and only unattended for purposes of the picture. A parachutist would pounce on this beautiful car if ever he got the chance—and would show his good taste

overlook is that a car left in the charge of a car-park attendant is not legally immune from the immobilising order. For one man may only look after one car as far as this regulation is concerned.

Another point is that should you happen to be in Glasgow or Edinburgh, there is a local law there which forbids you to park even an immobilised car in the streets after dusk. As I have mentioned before, the quickest, simplest and most effective way of immobilising a car is to remove the distributor arm. The R.A.C. does not recommend this method, and states that it places undue stress on the parts concerned. I disagree and, having removed my arm several hundred times in the last few weeks, can thoroughly recommend the plan.



A hundred odd years ago, the bucks, beaux and "bloods" of the Regency period were wont to go the pace in gig, curricule and tilbury. Their passion for speed reached its climax in the high tandem gig known as "The Suicide". To-day immensely greater speed is achieved with perfect safety, thanks to the latest evolution of the DUNLOP tyre.



BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

"YOU know, dear," said she, "love is a wonderful thing. I've just read an article here in this paper all about a man who reached the age of forty without learning to read and write. Then he fell in love with a woman, and for her sake he made a scholar of himself in two years."

"That's nothing," replied her husband. "I knew a man who was a profound scholar at forty. Then he met a woman, and for her sake he made a fool of himself in two days."

A man entered a car showroom. He sought out one of the salesmen.

"You sold me a car a week ago."

"Yes, sir," replied the salesman.

"Well, tell me again all you said about it then. I'm getting discouraged."

THE business man was interviewing his daughter's suitor.

"I regret I cannot see my way to allow you to marry my daughter at present," he said, "but give me your name and address, and if nothing better turns up in the near future, you may hear from me again."

THE stranger found the customers in the bar discussing boxing.

"Well," said a quiet little bald-headed man, "I've boxed some of the best men in these parts, from heavy-weights to bantams, and not one of them ever fought again after I'd done with him."

"Good heavens!" gasped the stranger to the man beside him. "He doesn't look like a fighting man."

"He isn't," grinned the other. "He's the local undertaker."

AN Irishman, an Englishman and a Scotsman were out walking when they discovered that they were lost in the mist. They decided not to try to get back, but to shelter in a cave overnight. They only had a small drop of whisky left in the bottle, so they agreed to keep it till the morning, and the one who told the strangest dream should have it. When the morn came, the Englishman said he dreamed he saw a rose the size of a house. The Irishman went one better by saying he saw in his dream a snake coiled round and round a church right to the spire.

"Now, what did you dream?" they asked the Scotsman, who replied: "Oh, me? I dreamt I was thirsty and rose and emptied the bottle."

THE modern but by no means modest author gazed at the inscription denoting the house in which Milton lived.

"I wonder," he mused, "what they will put on my house after my death?"

"To be let," replied his wife tersely.



"A SPOTTED TITMARSH, BY GAD!"

AN emigrant was preparing to leave his native land to try his luck abroad. An acquaintance inquired casually: "What are you going to do when you arrive in America?"

"Take up land."

"Much?"

"Only a shovelful at a time."

"AH, dear me, things aren't what they used to be," sighed the old lady, discussing the younger generation. "Why, about the only time a modern mother puts her foot down is when the light turns green."

AT a popular port, all the crew applied for shore leave except one man.

"What's the matter?" asked the officer. "Are you the only one who hasn't got a wife in this port?"

"No," replied the exception. "I'm the only one that has!"

A tourist in Ireland came upon a couple of men rolling on the road. The man on top was pummeling the other within an inch of his life. The traveller looked on for a moment in silence, and then intervened.

"I say, it's an infernal shame to strike a man when he's down."

"Faith, if yez knew all the throuble I had gettin' him down, yez wouldn't be talkin' like that," came the intermittent reply.



"WHY IN 'ELL DID US 'AVE TO JOIN THE NAVY? FOR THE SEA AIR, I SUPPOSE?"



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"The Navy is to-day, as it always has been in our history, the first line of defence of these islands and of that Great Empire which was built up by the toil and the enterprise of our fathers." Mr. Neville Chamberlain, on the 31st of January, 1940.

This sums up in a few words the supreme part played by the Royal Navy in the present war and specially underlines the value and importance of the publication "BRITISH WARSHIPS" issued by "The Illustrated London News."

"British Warships," a book of panorama proportions (size 19 x 12½), contains photogravure reproductions of every Battleship, Battle Cruiser, Aircraft Carrier and Cruiser in the British Navy, as well as illustrations of every type of Destroyer, Submarine, Escort Vessel and other small craft.

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All through our childhood there was magic in these words. As we grew older "the holidays" were looked forward to throughout the working year.

But today . . . the German armies have overrun half Europe. Thousands have fled from their bombed and burning homes. Invasion threatens our Island. We must put aside all thought of going away for holidays until this war is over and victory is won.

So let us speed up our war effort. Let us lend our "holiday money" to the Nation. Put every shilling into National Savings (Savings Certificates, Defence Bonds, National War Bonds, Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks). The money is urgently needed to pay for the equipment of our fighting forces—for the defence of our shores, our homes, our lives.

This year make your holiday weeks National Savings Weeks !

Issued by the National Savings Committee, London

The Highway of Fashion

by M. E. Brooke



MANY are the functions which women attend where uniform may be abandoned. They do not wish to appear in what may be termed frivolous dresses; they prefer something admirably cut accompanied by graceful lines. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are making a feature of fashions of this character. The model above is of a very fine black ribbed cashmere. The bolero is simulated and at the back merges into the dress itself, which may be adjusted in the fraction of a minute, as a sliding fastener is introduced. The vest is of organdie, trimmed with lace and finished with a black cravat bow

NOW that the warm weather has arrived, cool dresses for wearing when uniform is set aside are of paramount importance. Debenham and Freebody are thinking in terms of printed crêpes; an important feature of the same is that they may be slipped on in a moment. In the collection assembled in their salons is the model on the left. It is a pleasing study in black and white crêpe. The back is of the redingote character; a telling touch of colour is introduced in the scarlet tie with rat-tail ends. Naturally there are many variations on this theme. Every one must make a point of seeing the washing-frocks

Photographs by George Miles



How wonderful to have a peach-bloom complexion—always delicately smooth, softly radiant, velvet textured. And yet how easy. Thanks to Crème Simon M.A.T.—the new and different foundation cream. Crème Simon M.A.T. is "different" because it actually becomes part of your skin and has a marvellous toning and tonic effect on the tissues. So it prevents grease and shine from forming. For it changes the very texture of your skin. Gives you—all day and every day—a matt-as-a-peach complexion.

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The Way of the War—(Continued from page 76)**Ambassadors at Large**

The world of diplomacy is beginning to have a formidable list of unemployed as one by one Germany succeeds in overthrowing the independence of European states. Britain has lately received back into the Foreign Office fold two of her most distinguished ambassadors—Sir Ronald Campbell, from Paris, and Sir Percy Loraine, from Rome. Work has already been found for Sir Ronald, and his minister from the Paris Embassy, Mr. Oliver Harvey. They are making a special study of French affairs in a department of the Foreign Office. Probably Sir Percy Loraine will be similarly employed in respect of Italy. The minister from Rome, Sir Noel Charles, is off to Lisbon this week, there to reinforce Sir Walford Selby, the Ambassador, in what has become one of Europe's most interesting and important posts.

Two other ambassadors have the curious experience of remaining accredited to their respective Governments, but discharging their duties in London. Sir Howard Kennard, Ambassador to Poland, and Sir Neville Bland, Ambassador to the Netherlands, are both *en poste* in our own capital, which for the time being has become the capital of half-ruined Europe. Presumably the same is true of Sir Cecil Dormer, who has followed King Haakon of Norway, from Oslo to Tromsø, and finally back to London.

Convoying the Children

There is a bitter irony in the fact that the children of the United Kingdom must now face all the risks of enemy attack on land and from the air as a direct result of France's capitulation. With the French fleet joined to our own, enough warships were available to carry out all necessary works of convoy in addition to protecting our shores and essential sea communications. Without them the Admiralty was bound to report that it could not guarantee the safe passage of the liners which were to have taken our children away to the safe havens prepared for them by our Canadian brothers and American cousins.

We may also add this sorry business to the long list of



SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S
ESCAPE

The famous author and playwright, who was reported missing in France, but last heard of at his villa at Cap Ferrat, has returned safely to this country, after an adventurous and exhausting journey from Gibraltar in a collier, and has broadcast an account of his adventures. Anyone who has escaped from France of recent times may be accounted lucky

things left too late. Only a few weeks earlier the same well-laid plans for evacuation could have been carried through smoothly and in perfect safety. The need was already clear for all to see. The idea was present in countless minds. Why was action so long delayed?

Ministers Must Take Decisions

This aspect of our affairs has now been grasped in Downing Street. Ministers are being increasingly encouraged to take their own decisions; to press on with every matter falling within their sphere and thus to reduce Cabinet work to the minimum of essentials on which supreme rulings are inevitable. Hand-in-hand with this attitude should go the principle that every under-secretary must be entitled and prepared to act as deputy to his minister.

Many of Mr. Churchill's ablest young men are in the ranks of the under-secretaries. They include such names as: Harold Balfour, Robert Boothby, Harold Macmillan, Dingle Foot, Gwilym Lloyd George, Florence Horsbrugh, Harold Nicolson, and a few more. Any one of them is competent to take over a ministry should the need arise.

Tightening the Blockade

At the Ministry of Economic Warfare, Mr. Hugh Dalton is being extremely industrious, though he probably regrets that he has taken over at a moment when the work of the department calls for less and less limelight. But if Mr. Dalton can manage things as he plans, and if the Americas will agree this week to play their part, it should eventually be possible to conduct the blockade of our enemies without the employment of a single warship on contraband control.

There are, after all, two ways of preventing Germany and Italy from obtaining the supplies they need. One is to prevent the transport of those supplies. But much simpler is to ensure, through the intelligent use of one's purse, that no supplies are available. For the moment it is probably better not to enter into detailed discussion of ways, means and possibilities—beyond to say that they are very far-reaching.

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Our Strength and Our Weak Spot

(Continued from page 78)

the liberties of their own countries. Those many Frenchmen who scorn to surrender are flocking to General de Gaulle's standard at Olympia. The tragic situation has also caused a turmoil in Syria. The majority of the army there, including many generals, itch to fight on. The difficulty for them now is to get out of Syria, but they now see a new French flag of liberty hoisted in Cairo, whither they are converging from all over the East, with our blessing and help.

There are Norwegians and Dutch forces with us here, and more Czechs have just arrived. After bitter fighting on the Marne and the Loire two Czech regiments managed to get hold of some French merchantmen. They refused French orders to disembark and surrender, but as is usual on these occasions, a British warship intervened and saw them safely away to England. The largest Allied force, however, in this country, is the Polish contingent under that great personality, General Sikorski, which numbers no less than twenty-five thousand trained men of their army and eight thousand trained men of their aviation corps. Before leaving France they were all given the choice of remaining there in surrender or fighting on. They chose more bitter months of fighting ahead in order to revenge their country's martyrdom. The officers and men of the Polish Aviation Corps are mostly pilots, but there are many anti-aircraft gunners as well. And now we hear that the Polish Brigade which was with the French Army in Syria, has crossed into Palestine with

full equipment, to join General Wavell's army. Of course ours is the task of re-arming and supplying all these extra armies here at home at a time when our capacity is somewhat heavily burdened by our own rapid increases in manpower. But this is the least we can do in return for the services of these stern patriots, driven from all other fronts.

By the time these notes see print the troublesome problem of Eire may be more clear. If the South Irish cannot stomach the presence

of British troops even temporarily, to defend them from German attack, possibly they would consent to the Polish Army helping them, for during their long relations with us they have often preferred foreign help to our own. At this critical stage we cannot afford to labour again under all the handicaps which faced us in vainly-neutral Norway, and equally neutral Holland and Belgium. There, under the vain cloak of super-strict neutrality, we were kept at arm's length until it was too late—when they beckoned for our help, after refusing the essential pre-arrangements.

Instead of rushing north to Norway, or into Belgium after all the vital points were already lost, are we expected to race south from loyal Ulster, or across the sea, under the same conditions? We thank God for our command of all the seas, and our local air, but we cannot ever "mount the mounting wave" of handicaps, because we cannot (even in the last ditch) take our gloves off, and be ruthless.

* * *

COUNTRY HOUSES IN WARTIME

LADY CHESHAM'S FUND

Apropos of our pictures taken at Latimer, published in our issue of July 3, Lady Chesham asks us to make it clear that her Free Wool and Comforts Fund is the County Fund for Troops Welfare, raised at the request of the Lord-Lieutenant of the County and the Bucks Territorial Army Welfare Committee. It has no connexion with the Hon. Mrs. Fred Lawson, who runs the Red Cross and Hospital Supplies for the County. It's only connexion with Hospital Supplies working parties is that Lady Chesham's organization has agreed to help these working parties with free wool where it is needed.



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On duty here we often think
About the games of golf we've had,
And live again the joys we knew
Before this world of ours went mad.
We muse with pleasure on those times
And more particularly dwell
Upon the high spots we have known—
The shots we somehow played so well.

We're sure we never shall forget
The time we teed up on the third
And with a number two let fly—
The ball went soaring like a bird
And cooly landed on the green
And disappeared into the hole.
(We found out later, at the bar,
Success like this will take its toll).



We mind that day when with old Smith
We battled for the Captain's Prize.
He never seemed to find the rough—
Whilst we discovered dreadful lies.
He took us to the twenty first
And there at last he let us in;
The putt was twelve yards if an inch.
It won't . . . it will . . . it's in the tin!

The day we did a round in fours!
When each approach was laid PIN-HI;
The day we drove the sixteenth green
To win a sweepstake on the bye.
Yes, we remember shots like those—
Remember, too, the stir they made.
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